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PON-ONS

by F. P. SAVINIEN

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BONBONS

(astral)

BY

FRANCIS P. SAVINIEN

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SOME PRESS OPINIONS.

The best short poems in many a decade.—*Times*.

A small volume of highly artistic verse. The writer is a master of new measures.—*Athenaeum*.

BONBONS adds a new fragrance and a new colour to poesy.—*Spectator*.

Some of these short poems will rank with the best in the language.—*Truth*.

BONBONS.

THE FLAG OF DISASTER.

Life (the smile Death shed,

Tickled by a whim

When the world was happy, dead,

The spirit, dim)

Doth a throng of deities

And vague fancies seem,

Fashioning three phantasies,

Vapors of a dream.

Love, the first, of old,

Formed of air and light,

(Air whose breath is cold,

Light whose soul is night),

Peace within its abyss mars

With a glimmer fair,

Trying to brighten up the stars

Whose last hope looks down on despair.

Next Hope (upon a bed of fire)

Paints the air

While, as the lusts of flame expire,

Her brush becomes a cloud and sorrows there,

Glutting the fire with tears, of olden prest

Within the cloud when, drunk with doubt,

The wind stabbed through its sombre breast

And a flag of flame flashed out.

And Truth, whose mask is her true face,

Of herself herself doth flay

For blood flows with every trace

Of mystery torn away

And, in the van of Hope and Love,

The rags unfurled

With brazen vagueness prove

Truth falsehood, proper spirit of the world.

HUMANITY.

"Save me, for God's sake, save!" This is the cry,
The thrilling cry, of all humanity,

But he who hearkens falls
And o'er his hopes, o'er all he worshipped by,
The reeking mass of sore humanity,
One solid reptile, crawls.

FREEDOM.

When Nature, on the threshold of a dream,
 Awed with delight,
Paused, the while the crescent's classic beam
 Kissed through the cheeks of night,
Freedom came forth, death-still, from out the dream.
But unto Nature death-still did not seem.

Then Nature (for the night was gone
 And day had struck her blind)
Took up the putrid little one
 And pressed it to her mind
When forth her thoughts, voracious hordes, did squirm
And Freedom then was born and born a worm.

FAITH.

Here let him lie, a corpse against his lips,
And in his hands the crumpled flames of life,
For he has with his tears rained an eclipse
Of bitter death upon his passion's strife.
Where Sorrow crops within the copse of vice
Long has he lain nor let him cease to lay
For he would drain the dregs of grief and price
His soul below what Sorrow's salts dare pay.
All men woo mystery but he won through
And found out Truth to prove her Nemesis
And strip her mask, pitted with scars of kisses,
Until black ignorance as mystery shew.
Here lies the wretch, here lies the coward Lie;
The seeming Truth will always seem to die.

KISMET.

His life-blood ebbs itself away
And helps, thee, Death, to victory
As he helps thee his hopes to slay
And perish in eternity.
He can not droop, he dare not raise
His heart above the pulse of woe
For, in the air of better days,
It must to sorrow melt and flow.
Say, can it be that love and hate
Combine to bind the ways of thought
Or open up the gulf of fate
To happiness by evil sought?
All Life may have, Death, it must give;
So, take thy tribute and let live!

AMARGOZA.

The white wolf howls across the valley

In woeful courtship of the moon,
And dewless winds forever sally

O'er Amargoza's green lagoon.

The ghosts of death forever woo in

Yon obfuscant phantom ruin

As when by fits at night's dark noon

All hell emits its savage tune.

The faint moon, sinking, cold and wan,

Through Cozo's cataract vomits blood

Whose mist the sanguine stars gleam on

And weave an arch that seems a ghastly dawn

Over Death's palace which has ever stood

The gaunt companion of the ages gone.

Here, where the shrill voiced niches of the tomb

Add grief to Panamint's everswelling flood

And the lament from Cozo's leafless wood,

Unbounded love with plenty once did bloom

Till naked Freedom with her cankered brood
Met the most monstrous doom.

Here Liberty and Beauty were

And, when Desire would saunter in,
The herald Fear, Remorse the harvester,
Each draped as Shame, did play with Sin.
Here love has entered and has broken hearts
Which Hell could not injure more;
Here Death's at home, but ever hence departs
His face in Life's bright mirror to adore.

Peace to the slowly marching Death
Who hither comes with frosted breath!
This eve he came, but with him came
The blizzard and the sun's fierce flame;
Born as a sun he ends his day
With than the moon a chiller ray;
His dawn described a frozen air
And clouds that Arctic blizzards bear,
The snowclad mount, the vale

A captive to the tyrant gale;
At noon he stood as a lone tree
Upon the wastes of misery
And, cold as ever dying moon,
His shade steals slowly o'er the waste
And, having every shape embraced,
Will lay long prostrate soon.

Let shade that leads to hell
Along man's spirit creep,
Bidding with ecstasy ineffable
His greeded visions weep;
Let it on where it will,
Let it on while it must,
Let it on, though it still
Will be downed by the dust;
Let it forth, let it fly,
With the wild winds of hell,
In the jaws of the sky
Where the thunderbolts dwell:

Let it out to the pale peak of Geiger
And, like the dim wilds in its wake,
Jump from the jaws of the tiger
Onto the fangs of the snake—
For here prevails the beauty of the tomb
And only Death, by bearing shades, can bloom
Intensely sweet as that woe-winged farewell
That rose to smiling Heaven from **hopeless hell.**

RHAPSODY.

The moody savage makes his sad lament,

Poor Indian, king of love, near Carson's stream

And, rearing o'er his head his linen tent,

Sinks all his soul in love's unholy dream.

His soul he mixes in the flood of Sin

And sucks with Pleasure's tube the veins of Ease

While, filling his warm frame with Passion's kin,

He makes his flesh a covert of disease.

Upon his brow Despair

Has struck her iron law,

And Tophet's ebon claw

Has fixed its imprint there.

He's an outcast on his own domain,

A stranger in the land,

Of field and forest, vale and plain

Stript by the Christian's hand.

Sad child of love and liberty,

Without a friend,

Shall misery
Still compass thee
Since man will never mend?

Shall foreign slaves, the brood of toil,
Pursue thee with sweet Freedom from the soil
And greed and grime, the gifts of foreign slaves,
Degrade thy noble soul till it is theirs?
Shall Freedom find her palaces but graves
Of which the serf a home for Avarice prepares?

The savage, as the sun declines
Along the scarlet west,
Crushed to the earth, his soul resigns
To idol Vice's breast,
The clayey lover who confines
Love in eternal rest.
Oh, hero, sad but free,
Whose soul is but a sigh,
That God within the sky
But night unknown to thee,
The white man passing by
But pallid tyranny,
Dying, thou givest this lie, the world, the lie
And goest where the moon and Nature may converse with thee.

NEMESIS.

Begot by but one fond embrace,
The love-born son of fair Phonais
Found all the world forbidden ground
And death uncastigated found.

Men spurned him with as warm a fire
As soft society's sole desire
And every woman he would meet
Had eyes too wanton to be sweet.

The joys that opened to his heart,
Struck through with hate by Cupid's dart,
Were like those chaste, surrounding seas
Where woman's lust is ne'er at ease.

He kept Adversity so much
That she was shrivelled at his touch,
But Fortune came his mate to see
And gave herself unto him free.

What hurts the nun did him no harm
For sweetest bread results from barm :
The gorgeous-colored butterfly
Sips from the waste sweet alkali.

When maidens, eager for his smiles,
Made erring moves with maidish guiles,
He still more guilelessly would act
And primed their errors full of tact.

Each maiden, when her hopes could see
No sting in love but jealousy,
Grieved not, but bound her tears with love
And saw the wound a weapon prove.

He trusted the hyena's smile,
Consoled the tearful crocodile
And, cute as astute man can be,
Publicly praised hypocrisy.

He led warm, willing Woman where
Her beauty sleeps within her hair
For her best charm by cruel Fate
Is burdened with the brute's estate.

He loved naught like the brimming bowl
Which gave such life to his sick soul
From out the twinkling eye of love
He with light step of youth could move.

Like Jove, warmed by paternal joy,
He in his thighs sewed up his boy
So Bacchus only forth could fly
When brushed by some soft silken thigh.

But when he spoke, like gods above,
The soft Ionic tongue of love
Man blushed and Woman dropped her chin
And knew that only shame is sin.

He kept his pleasures on the wing
And flew them high so that his string
Caught all the smiles that beauty gave
To please a monarch or a slave.

Though virgins better pleased his whim
He kept all women under him
And when Hag Memory was his queen
His fancy wove with love the scene.

SYLPHIDAE.

About the moon the midnight fairies flit
And while their fancies every planet twit,
Their little laughs light up the madman's wit.

Each subtle nymph a silver circlet wears
Empearled with tears drawn from the skies' sad airs
By sylphs who pluck each sigh that Heaven bears.

When through the East the moon bursts into birth,
Light as a bird that lifts itself from earth,
What Heaven weeps adds wine unto their mirth.

As softly round her noiseless realm rolls Night
They from each star strip twinkles that are bright
And, sucking at the moon, get drunk with light.

They steal the angel's honey from the skies
And when they sweep the lights from weeping eyes
O'er weary courtier stars weird wanness lies.

They dance with death and, while, with wanton hand,
The pallid princess wields her lustrous wand,
Her subject-shadows joy upon the land.

When spirits step on pyramids of light
They glide up every needle-pointed height
And from the structures cast souls out of sight.

With Edenites they revel in sweet ease
And, wrapping skirts of gossamer round these,
They veil their sexless bodies to the knees.

Breathing the putrid breath of Sin, they bring
His mists to worlds and with his silken sting
Make sombrous Sorrow shake her shade-hued wing.

The brow of Death they wreathe with mortal gloom
And on his desert soul roll blacker doom
Than bondage of the dungeon of the tomb.

'Twas when they tickled Nature with their guile
That her plump face expanded in a smile
But now the heavens sicken all the while.

Like couriers they cleave the upper air
And, when for clouds and hurricanes they care,
Within the storms they build their nests and pair.

Grim orbs, though rough, they glide serenely by
And Echo, when they light, reiterates a cry
For, thorough maggots, they devour the sky.

MEDUSA.

Her eyes, like stars, are briny spheres
Which in dense gloom are bright
And glimmer but through shades of years
As Hell shines but at night.

Oh, grant her troubled spirit rest,
Father of light,
Give her the shelter of your breast
From the wild night.

Sweet hope shall never haunt her heart
Or e'er her love repose
For beauties from her form depart
And spurn a world of woes.

God, naught can make her fair to view,
As dead flower's lips to zephyr's sighs
But still her heart turns all to you
As to the moon cold winter's skies.

Truly to love the only lore she knew
Once every movement added to her charm
But envious heaven languished at the view
And all its minions leaped to do her harm.

Father, you see her battered face
And know it was her brother's work
And, God, her hair of snakes you trace
And know it was her mother's work.

Though sad is she she never weeps,
Since beauty's in a tear,
And when she laughs her visage creeps
And daunts her dim career.

Oh, ever subject to the world's rebuke
What fault, God, is not found in her?
Where'er her hopes may chance to look
A desert springs and serpents stir.

Loveless, her soul's a void cell,
 Since God in her dreams intervened,
And, hopeless, her heart is a hell
 Uncheered by a flame or a fiend.

Yet, when each of her charms that dies out
 Is multiplied to seven,
Oh, God, if you pluck her eyes out
 They'll grow, like Hell, in Heaven.

SALMATIA.

When buxom Venus and the blushing Graces
Bathed in the limpid waters of Salmacis
Each hid with bashful flowers her own oasis.

The devil, coming through their smiles and blushes
With shyness that he usually gushes,
Shed out the fire that virgin's faces flushes.

The bevy waded where the depth entices
But kept their flowers dry at every crisis
Though the blue waves were jumping at their vices.

At last the Graces saw with many starings
The piebald blond swim out beyond her bearings
And hastened to her aid with sighs and swearings.

The devil coaxed them on with subtle tickles
As rain that through a little lily trickles
And soon they lost the chill of icicles.

Then Satan plucked the flowers from the niches,
Saying "This oasis which a waste bewitches
Is Eden's fruit but Satan's ground enriches."

VENERIS.

Come and sit thee down, love,
Where planet's smiles are bright
The while their gauzy gown, love,
The sky, dissolves in light
For, if the planets are Time's tears,
The sky is not the robe love wears.

The stars, fair offspring of the Night,
Swarm o'er her, sparkling ever,
While we, the mortal brood of light,
In shade live, darkling ever;
Hence, thus to us the day is night
And to the stars our darkness light.

At last, my sweet love, laugh
Since smiles of earth are brief.
Life's sparkles we may quaff
From goblets brimmed with grief,
Though, as to stars our night is day,
Our day to us is night away.

Life is foam and strife, love,
But its scorns we scoff
And win the foam of life, love,
As we blow it off.
Lo! Virtue is a recreant dawn
And love is heaven from its aerie drawn.

WOMAN.

Angels not woman's slaves dare be
Nor stars with angels fraught,
For woman, heaven's jewelry
Dazzles with briefest brilliancy
Angels and stars to naught.

No angel face, though bright as sky
Which thunderbolts embrace,
E'er shew the fairness that doth lie
Light in or, taking wings, doth fly
In smiles from woman's face.

Starred idols, whom all things abash,
By moody man, a cloud, o'erpraised
'Neath woman's blush as ashes dash
And e'en her soul is in that flash
By its own lightning dazed.

Heaven is lit with woman's eyes,
 Its air is woman's breath,
For when the life of mortal flies
Woman, a burst of paradise,
 Makes luxury of death.

THE SEVEN HEAVENS.

An Eden lives and, smiling, lengthens much
Within the silken temple of a touch.

In scent that solves or turns to honey air
The soul doth revel and the world doth wear.

To hearing zenith serves and every sphere
Attuned to joy but crumbles for the ear.

Elysium is immortalized by light
But when immersed in the embrace of sight.

In milk of stars and honey of drawn souls
The paradise taste keeps forever rolls.

Light thought, from lighter reverie distilled,
An Olympia for Olympia doth build.

Love is so bright that when it falls from sight
The world is merged in everlasting night.

PSYCHE.

My love with shining eyes layed down
 Beneath the shades of Mars,
Her couch a bank of warclouds, grown
 With wild, reluctant stars,
Her robe a paradisial gown
 Of woven winds of wars.

My soul beside her soul's true guise
 Did swoon in ecstasy
The while the spirit of her eyes
 Wove radiance in me
And then we rushed through Paradise
 On wings of victory.

BACCHANTE.

Thy form against his eager arm
 Swells like a grape upon the lip
Which, burst, enjoys a sweeter charm
 Than that which bids it drip :
Then press, warm in a lover's touch,
 Thou beauteous grape,
And he, though cloyed and ravished much,
 Will thy pleasure shape.

Two hundred nights will melt away
 In an hour of love
For love, while you together lay,
 Itself dreams of
And, even as the heavens do,
 Love itself enjoys and eats,
As thou, his eager service through,
 Gainst thine own sweets.

NIGHT.

Undress. Sweet Night is warm,
Dear widow of the day,
Who wraps a rosy charm
Round all who crave love's sway.

For love, on whom lusts prey,
Is the earliest of the dead
And Night's spouse passed away
As soon as she was wed.

Undress for Night's embrace
And blush lusts into play
For love fills tired lust's place
And Night's shame smiles to day.

MONTANA.

The last bright beam of day's departed
And art thou too, love, brokenhearted?
Oh, shall we leave our joys decay
And, like the eagles, droop with day,
Or shall we see our loves outpair
These feathered cannibals of air?

The moon arises with her web of fire,
Wherein the sympathies of passions lie,
And winds her spell about each sweet desire
Whose grief needs tears of deity to dry.
Though thou wouldst feed each minute with a tear
Here half an hour will buy a Roman year.

The snowy tetons in the moonlight fade
Till their dim outlines shadow on the sky
Or flash like opal through the night's faint shade,
An alcahest to which, like sparks, the demons fly.
The tarns, like sapphires, shine from each ravine
And round them pines, like stalactites, grow green.

Hail, blessed nymph, Montana's lovely night !

Earth can not boast a fairer sight than thee.

With moon for crown and shoon of silver light

Thou walkest the earth in faultless majesty.

The night, my love, whom we would woo awhile,

Is soft and moves like thee

And thou shalt feel its lust-chaste guile

Like fever strike thee

But with its fragrance thou mayst it control

As when, near perfumed coasts of nude Ceylon,

The ocean opens on the breasts of dawn

The spicy coast breathes warmly forth its soul

Which is, as Day in Night, into the ocean drawn :

So, we may break the silk skin of Delight

Ere light's white shaft runs up the back of Night.

REGRETS.

When we were young, my love,
Sweet honey hung around us
And songs that honest Passion sung
More sweetly clung around us,
But we would not be stung, my love,
By the true strains of Passion's tongue
Lest shame be slung around us.

Now we are old, my love,
Salt sorrows fold around us
And all our heart's desires behold
Are what regrets hold round us
And we are coldly told, my love,
That Prudence stung us with his cold
When he patroled around us.

Time tells the truth, my love,
With his tooth around us
And rightly prowls he, so uncouth,
Like a sleuth, around us
For knew we lust, Love's ruth, my love,
We had enjoyed this life, forsooth,
And died with youth around us.

SOFIA.

Ah, bide with us since life, so slow,
If thou leave us shall slower go.
'Tis not that we love thee but feel in thy gloom
The dark sea of Sorrow that flows to the tomb,
Though when the stars bespangle thee
The sky's pale denizens dazzled be
And love fills up its stellar den, the sky,
With far less light than leaps from thy soft eye.

The language which our joy doth hold
Thy pathos-laden tongue has told
Till all our love has vanished and our sighs have flown
Into our banished hearts to turn their tears to stone
But thou dost lie within Sin's den
As dolorously sweet and false as when
The soft crepuscular beauty of thy dying day
Outspreads its rainbow plumage along the eastern way.

Thine was the life that gave us breath
And thine the breath that gave us death
But now we find, as thy soul shrinks and fades away,
No spirit on the midnight paths to day,
No nymph to watch with love the waning moon
Which, sunk midst western shades, expires in haze so soon,
And to thy smile (the ghost that dead love gave)
We drink like Death, for Death drinks to the grave.

IRMA.

Irma, thou gulf of love, whose lips have held

All the sweet music of love's dulcid tongue,
Backward, by Memory's balmy breeze impelled,

Our sad souls glide where once our bodies swung
On the blue wave between the air and land
Where we mistook the rainbows for the sand.

The amber zephyrs sally from thy locks

And on our souls thy laughter lingers still
Where, Irma, its soft music-voice but mocks

Like songs in hell or hymns that mean no ill
Echoed against far skies where all is storm
But the fair rainbow pushing forth its form.

Those were the days when love was young

Ere grief had decked his head with deathless woes,
When all in ecstasy from high hope hung

Expectant each to find whence pleasure rose
Ere on the bounds of heaven their fullblown yearnings fell
And down, down they fluttered in a constant taste of hell.

GERALDINE.

The love that sadly flutters through thy bewildered brain,
As music from a distant peak breaks through a thunderstorm,
More softly than the light winds comb the long grass of the plain
Lures to thy memory dewes which life's melting diamonds form.

Thou hadst loved better, sweetest love, if thou hadst loved Love less
And nurtured Vice that touches soul to melody and tears
When jealousy, that leanness of the mind, could freely press
Thy life to Hate's hell-blackened sin and web thy love with fears.

The things whereof thou speakst are blind but they forsook too soon
The frail, fantastic multitude that haunts the days of old
Which now, while griefs amuse themselves with musing on the moon,
Are winds so weirdly wooing the waste and withered wold.

Purely thy cheeks live rose and thy teeth's ripe snow painted love
Fair as the newborn dawn adorns far Baltic's bay
But thou, a world of sunshine and of shame, shalt sadly move—
Death's sanguine superscription signed upon thy brow for aye.

GLADDYS.

Her charming dress amid the storm
Presses in ecstasy her form
And, while the winds swoop through her hair,
Her smiles intoxicate the air.
Her glance is killing as that sky
Through which the naked planets fly
And to her sylphs are heaven's dust
And love's insatiated lust.

Her lip is Cupid's ruby bow
From which her smile shoots shafts of woe,
Her eye the quiver of those darts
Made by her heart to murder hearts.
She loved, unsated, Lucifer
And sin grew impotent on her
For Pain alone her thoughts condole
And despotism suits her soul.

The trembling basis of a throe,
Her breast, ecstatic, beats with woe,
Although her heart shall ever be
A pulseless priest of misery
Unless a change of sex supply
Her lust, as, when upon the sky
Her sleighbelled voice so gently glides,
The zephyr mounts the strains and rides.

ANOMALY.

As pureness is colorless so black is no color,

For Wind with a kiss steals thy locks deathless dye

When, solaced by thee for dead Day, in his dolor

He paints, soothed with stars, the deep night o'er the sky.

What darkness as pure as the black of thine eyes

Where laughter's lithe lightnings lie dreaming of slaughter?

To be pure love must char while he bathes as he lies

In the fire of the eyes of Havana's fair daughter.

ZELLA.

As the clouds that repose on the mounts of the east
By the winds of the dawn are assembled and fleeced
And are tossed to the moon as she sinks in the west
To soften the nightmaiden's couch of rest,
So, but with glories more fair,
Falls Zella's sweet hair,
As love in the depths of its mesh makes his nest.

When breathes on earth the goddess of the dawn,
Luna wooes the sky and Hersa treads the lawn
And Zephyr, bounding brightly o'er the buoyant plain,
Drips his genial burden gently on the grain
The scented freshness seems
The ghost of Zella's dreams
Which rise like sighs from the haunts where love has lain.

We adored the gentle Zella with a charmed idolatry
And, like a golden palace in an opal sea,
Enriching sunset's glories with the melancholy glow
Of joys that tintured passion and lightened bliss to woe,
She has answered all our sighs
With glances of eyes
Flashing through the twilight lids of love that sin must know.

We searched into her soul with love's voluptuous fire
For the whiteness and the warmness of her beauty and desire
And, though upon each new-found charm, fainting with sin, we'd hang,
When through her voice and lute some wild, loose ballad sprang
We with fresh vigor rose
And Love threw off its throes
While certainly the flowers smelt sweeter as she sang.

Her voice beneath her lute's warm tune with too much sweets did pall,
Just as the sea below Columbia's fleets seems small,
And it was well for us for song is but the lisp of love
And music is the tongue of lust to all sin warbles of
Beneath the pale, blue skies
Whereto we lift our eyes
And hum the hymns of hell that haunt the heavens above.

CAPITOLA.

She kept a young couple of roses

Which she fed with the dews of her eyes
And, like love, that in marble reposes,

They bloomed in the cream of her thighs.

For the roses her hair was a bower

And the down of her honor their bed
Where they laid in soft joys by the hour
When drunk with the tears that she shed.

Her heart was the dear home of dolor

But Death wandered timidly there
For her pallor was less than Death's color
And its fairness seemed mixed with the air.

Though the roses when kissed by her maddened

Or fell on her breasts in dismay
And to find her too fair love was saddened
She could sigh not her sweet soul away.

When the wind with a pacific motion
Swept fragrantly round her fair form
Like the gulf stream, the girdle of ocean,
A current of balm calmed the storm.

Folding up the dark pinions of sorrow,
Night's shades from their tombs she has drawn
But she'll wake with her roses tomorrow
Sweet as sad music heard through sleep at dawn.

DIANA.

That nun, the moon, demurely
From her cloister looks
And her color surely
Incest mutely brooks.

She shows up her white body
And, musing all the while,
Her calmness makes too gaudy
The wanness of her smile.

Her cusps being much more snowy
Than beauty of fair dames,
The dusk between's as showy
As the shade of shames.

But, like a love-lorn lady
On a lone, smooth sea,
Her hopes turn always shady,
Her fears are all set free.

Yet, she has such beauty,
Her smiles the whole world win
And virtue, love and duty
Wreath the legs of sin.

LUNA.

Lovely moon, all loathe thee
For thy smiles are false;
The wind, that might bethrothe thee,
With the clouds doth clothe thee
When stript for his assaults.

The wind will always know thee
And frothe to find thee fair
Although the lightnings show thee
He hugs the waves below thee
When thou art imaged there.

Let him his sex bestow thee
And he grow soft with thine
And his force will o'erflow thee
If thou upon him throw thee
And with him intertwine.

Upon the wind, moon, throw thee
And with his person twine
For, to have his force o'erflow thee,
Let him his sex bestow thee
And he grow soft with thine.

DEATH.

Death, on the ocean straying,
Once met my sweetheart fair,
With her tresses playing
And laying in her hair.

Love is not won by wooing;
So, Death, who is a smile,
Love's phantasy pursuing,
Threw off his mask awhile.

My love, a sparkle playing
In a dream awhile,
Rose with her tresses swaying
And vanished in the smile.

Still, thus, our souls pursuing,
Death, cannibal of air,
Undoes our fair undoing
And Heaven smiles—a snare.

LULLABY.

A pale pond-lily
In a glossy dale,
A frail, fond lily
In a mossy vale—

This from the water praying for light,
That of the darkness pleading for dew;
This, when the morning melts the frosted night,
Sinks 'neath the herd and, when the stars drip through,
That, plucked for beauty, follows in the flight.

The pale pond-lily
Dreads a bruise no more;
The frail, fond lily
Thirsts for dews no more.

EROS.

Virtue first issues fair
From the lily of his hair.

His pearly brow doth show
Honor bathing in the snow.

The well where truth doth lie
Is the pupil of his eye.

In his face doth wisdom feel
The repose which cherubs steal:

For Eden hath no part
Like the pureness of his heart.

UTOPIA.

Beneath the starry banner, Night,
Still Freedom's phantoms rally
And every orb that ushers light,
Upraising dirges mystically,
Sends brightest harbingers of cheer,
Joined with the sweet divorcees of the tear,
From each etherial valley.
Forever fair in Freedom's sight
Through sacred Eden sally
Armed hosts garbed in immortal right
And fire, sweet Freedom's ally,
Which, wooing Hope from her false sphere,
Through the soft tyranny of the tear
Shines out emptyreally.

Out on that Ocean's planet height
Where Freedom's Zephyrs dally
Faith's phalanx, sprung from floods of light,
Pours forth continually
On wings of love and choruses sincere,
Vast volleys flashing from the pregnant tear
Against Night's savage galley.

HATE.

Whither moves the withered moon

Through the throng of clouds?

Whither? Would you have her swoon

In such murky crowds?

Why descends yon thunderbolt

Through the skull of storm?

Would you have a vile revolt

Scowl the heavens down?

Never shall a tempest's frown

Scare sky to better form.

PSYCOSOPHY.

To rise above all sentiment, to soar
Beyond the clouds and, liberated there,
To clear the mind of life's obscurities—
That is to live; to leave all earthly things,
The thirst of glory and the greed of wealth,
Love, hope, ambition, pride, despair and hate,
To spurn the petty selfishness which makes
Existence storm, contentment mockery
And, rising to the distant psychic zone,
There to ignore all matter as the dross
From which the spirit is apart—that is
True happiness.

Surrender every sense,
Oh, self! to consciousness which leads to heights
Where senses are refined so any trace
Of earth is odious. Set free the mind
From sensual shocks of every link of flesh
However faint their subtle tyranny.
The stroke of silk benumbs the sense of touch,

Soft music muffles hearing, sparkling wine
Dulls taste, the rose's odor drugs the scent
And woman's fairness blurs the sight.

Rise, self!

From vanity. From futile yearnings free
The mind will grieve no more, no more will writhe
The senses, tortured by chaotic waves
Of glare and noise within the dismal night
Where shock of matter makes the flash of mind
Where harmony obstructed mourns in sound,
Where riven orders only intercourse
Is that fantastic bridge, exchange of thought.

Afar beyond is liberty and there,
Where vigor tires not, energy is rest.
No exhalation crowds the limpid scope
Of scent, no substance palpable impedes
Tentative flight, no pabulum offends,
No sound is wafted and no discord heard,
No shape is outlined and no shadow formed.

Rise, self! above the gnawing joys of earth.

Sensations die and leave the spirit dead.
Leave folly of the world! Love is conceit,
Art is a fancy, science is a dream.
Fame weakens intellect and makes a slave
Of him who woos it; power breaks the will
Of him it crowns; love sullies chastity.

What trifles worldlings follow! Poised aloft,
The statesman revels in the steadfast gaze
Of those below him since his joy supreme
Is to be seen; the poet higher soars
Ecstatic when, invisible to them,
He sees all those below him. Rise, oh, self!
Beyond the folly of such worldlings. Rise
So high the world can not be seen or see—
Where spirit stationary or at flight,
Traversing effortless the psychic space,
Enchanting touch in the intangible
And in vapidly exalting scent,
Finds insipidity satiety,
Unbroken silence perfect harmony,

Pure beauty the uninterrupted light
And chastity voluptuosity
Interminable. Isolated thus
By loftiness of thought, the mind shall reach
Eternal happiness and death defy.

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